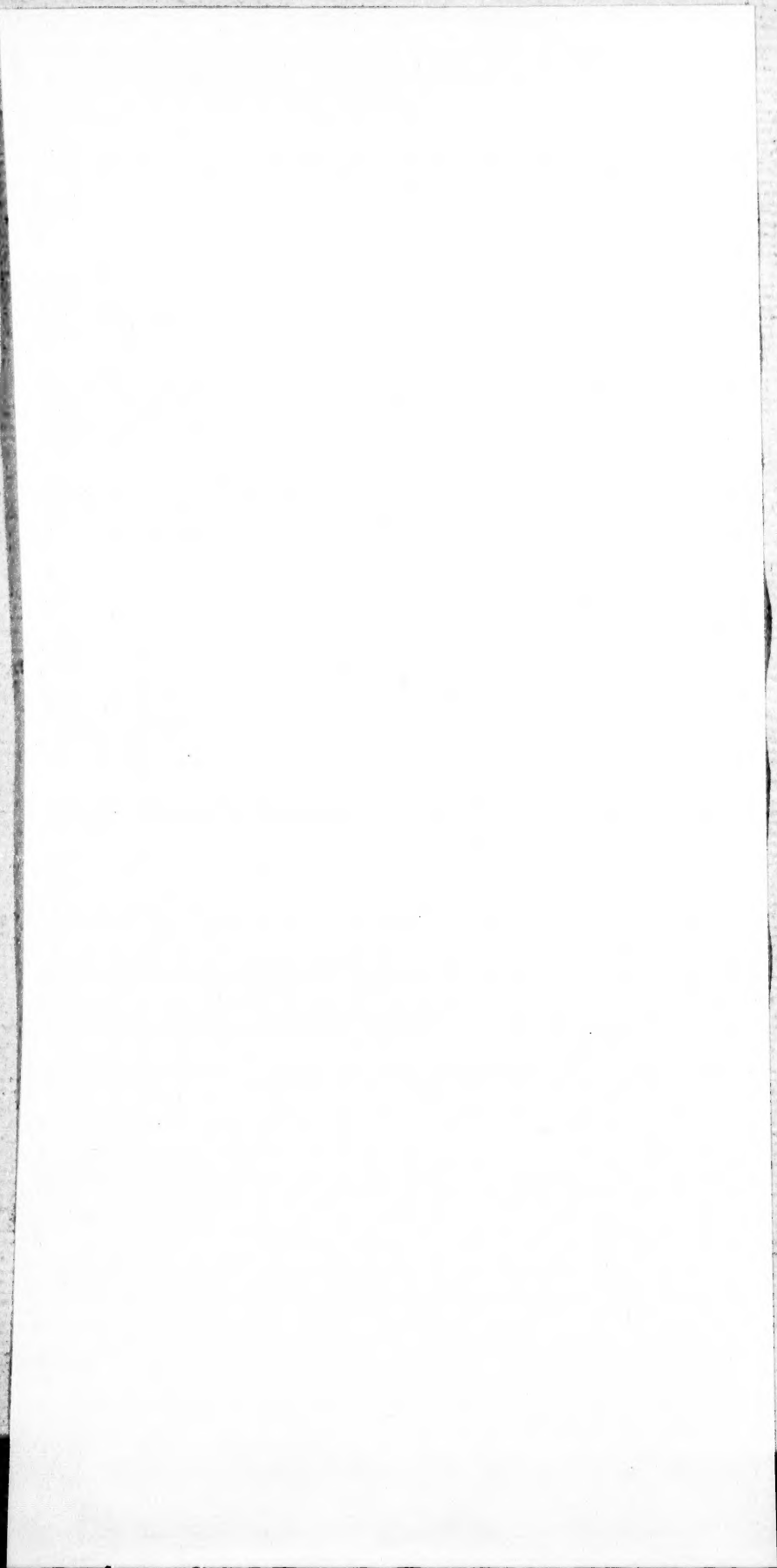




A
REFUTATION
OF THE
LETTER
TO AN

Hon^{ble}. Brigadier-General,
Commander of His Majesty's Forces in *Canada*.

By an OFFICER.

URIT ENIM FULGORE SUO.



LONDON:

**Printed for R. STEVENS, at Pope's Head, in
Pater-Noster-Row. MDCCCLX.**

(Price One Shilling.)

REPUTATION

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THE

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lets out: "In my religious Doubts, I apply
to Doctor Whistler, and mine any atheistical Head, in
Lancaster-Row, in Dublin."

(Price One Shilling.)

A

REFUTATION, &c.

AS Detraction and Envy are ever attendant on, and the certain Criteria of true Merit, so the inconsistent and illiberal Pamphlet, now under our Observation, gives a most glaring Proof thereof; it betrays in the Author a Mind full fraught with the most rancorous Malice; and yet so impotent is his incoherent Malignancy, that he is guilty of strange Wanderings from the honourable Subject he would fain stigmatize: but outrageous Malice commonly defeats that very End which it had proposed to itself.

What an odd Idea must every dispassionate Reader conceive of a Writer, who thus sets out; ‘ In my religious Doubts I apply
‘ to Doctor *Whitfield*; in any theatrical

B

‘ Diffi-

‘ Difficulties, I consult the canonical Criticisms of a certain right Reverend; and in my polite Misadventures, the Physician of *Ludgate-hill* is my *celer atque fidelis, secret and speedy*.” A Person who should act as here proposed, might, without straining matters in the least, be charitably supposed not to enjoy a thorough Sanity of Mind. What follows, contains more of a Compliment than a Sneer, when duly considered, although undoubtedly it was intended for the latter: ‘ To whom therefore shall I appeal in any military Doubts, but to the Man, whom Fortune, that never-erring Judge of Merit, in one short Campaign made a Colonel, a General, and a Commander in Chief?’

The Writer, whom we suppose not to be an unletter’d Man, must doubtless have read or heard of the great *Roman*, who from reading, and private Application alone, display’d at his first Appearance in the Field, all the Abilities of a most consummate General; and

and without having had even the Experience of one short Campaign to make him so.

The Infination in Page 2, relative to the Title of Brigadier-General is puerile and mean, and the Tack to it absolutely false, 'although he might prudently chuse 'to stay at Home, when he received it,' (the Title.) A Man must have a Forehead unusually embronzed, to be able to let slip such an Untruth.

Not only the noble Officer's Friends, but the Public in general were of Opinion, that 'he might prudently chuse to stay at 'Home,' considering his high Pretensions by Birth, as well as Family-endearing Ties, in Quality of a Husband and a Father.

Let it be remembered, that he had a Brother in the same distant and disagreeable Service, who fell in the Field fighting for his Country. Surely then, a Family that thus devotes itself to the Service of the public

Weal, in the Senate and the Field, deserves our warmest Thanks ; and all Attempts to misrepresent and vilify such extraordinary Deserts, must excite Indignation in the Bosom of every honest Man, every Lover of our Constitution, and of true *British* Glory.

This abusive Writer's Phraseology is so wildly scattered, and digressionary, that it is but seldom one can grapple with any Thing like a Meaning. As often, however, as an Occasion for Animadversion may present itself, it shall not be let to escape ; for it is resolved to trace him through all the Meandrings of his not very coherent Brain.

A bad Head is a bad Thing ; but a bad Heart is still worse ; with an awkward Air of Triumphant Irony he thus flounders along.

The Goddess of Blindness and Caprice had certainly no Share in the Capitulation of *Quebec*. Ardent in the Pursuit of Glory, and the Applause of your Country, You generously violated the Rules of War ;

* War; You risked the Resentment of
 * your superior Officer; You signed the
 * Articles of Capitulation without his Know-
 * ledge; and, anxious for the Preservation of
 * your Conquest, you appointed the Staff
 * of the Garrison, without even asking his
 * Consent. He might, indeed, suspect the
 * Friendship you had long professed for
 * him, but with the Spirit of an old Ro-
 * man, the Love of our Country, *omnes*
 * *omnium caritates complectitur*. He might
 * have ordered you into Arrest for such an
 * Outrage to his Authority. He was not
 * insensible of the Indignity, but you asked
 * his Pardon, and languishing under his
 * Wounds, he accepted your Submission.

It is most certain, that neither the God-
 des of Blindness nor Caprice, had any
 Share in the Capitulation of *Quebec*. It was
 the Dictate of Prudence, and happily con-
 cluded in the very critical Minute; for had
 the Town, by the Harshness of the Terms
 proposed, been driven to a desperate Reso-
 lution

lution of holding out till such Time as *Bougainville*, then not far off, should arrive with his Reinforcement, who knows what might have been the Event of that Day?

It is a sufficient Answer to the Remainder of this rhapsodic Charge to know, that General *M——n* was so dangerously wounded as not to be able to act; that moreover, the Time was too precious; and the Exigence of Affairs too urging to admit of any Delay: The Writer's Evidence in this Case is very apposite here, inasmuch as his own express Terms of the General are 'languishing under his Wounds.'

Could a Person in such a Situation be self-collected enough to direct, or superintend? However, a Complaint of this Kind would come with a better Grace from General *M——n*, than from any other Person. It is likewise apprehended, that this Allegation is here promulged, not so much in the Be-
half

half of *M——n*, as with a sinister View of
 bespattering *T——d*.

The winding up of this Paragraph is very
 curious. ‘ Thus you carried your Point.
 ‘ You received into your Protection the Ca-
 ‘ pital of an Empire, larger than half the
 ‘ Roman Conquests; and though you had
 ‘ formally entered your Protest against at-
 ‘ tacking the Place, you alone enjoy the
 ‘ Honours of its being taken.’

To carry one’s Point, is the great End of
 all human Actions; *Cæsar* and *Alexander*
 could do no more. It is, however, strongly
 believed that the Author in Question, will
 not be able to carry his Point, which is to
 degrade so valuable a Member of Society,
 in the Judgment of his Fellow-Subjects, by
 whom he is for the most Part revered.

The Nation is gratefully obliged to him,
 for having ‘ received into his Protection the
 ‘ Capital of an Empire, larger than half

‘ the

' the Roman Conquests,' without wantonly exposing the Troops under his Care (already very much harrassed) to any farther Fatigue, and unnecessary Effusion of Blood, which might have been productive of dangerous Consequences; nay, perhaps the Reverse of that Day's Fortune. For let it be remembered, that *Bougainville* was marching rapidly to the Relief of *Quebec*, with a little Army consisting of fresh Troops; and that the few *English* Forces had undergone amazing Toils.

It would be an Act of Justice to all impleaded Persons, and one of Respect to the Public, if Authors were to adopt it for a Maxim, never to start any Thing for Fact they were not thoroughly sure of. From the following Words, ' though you had formerly entered your Protest against attacking the Place, you alone enjoyed the Honour of its being taking;' must not every Reader be hereby induced to think, that this traduced Commander had protested against

against the Manner of attacking *Quebec*, by which it was taken.

Now if the very contrary has happened, what Reparation can be made to the injured Commander?—In a most infamous Light, the Author of such gross Calumny ought to be held.—That *G—l T—d* did protest against an Attack planned by General *Wolfe*, is not denied; but what was the Object thereof, and where was it to be made? Why not against *Quebec*, but to attack the *French* in their Entrenchments.

However gallant such a Design, and however gloriously *Wolfe's* martial Spirit was displayed by the Proposal; yet it appeared to *G—l T—d* and other Officers, who had never flinched in the Hour of Duty, so fraught with Ruin, and so big with dangerous Consequences, as rather to be declined than carried into Execution. The Dissenters on that Occasion were those

who proposed attacking *Quebec*, in the unexpected and surprizing Manner by which it was taken, and which will be admired to latest Posterity.

General *Wolfe*, who had been a little piqued at his Scheme being dissented from, came in at last to that proposed. Having his Country's Interest always uppermost in his Thoughts, he shewed himself always ready to give up the hazardous Event of a *Coup Brilliant*, for less dazzling, and more blood-sparing Expeditions. To have attempted forcing the *French* in their Entrenchments, must have been productive of a horrid Slaughter at least; that People having ever been formidable in such Situations. Now it appears that General *Wolfe*, like a true Patriot, put into happy Execution the Plan of others, by whom he was most vigorously seconded; and that G——l T——d did not protest against the Scheme which reduced *Quebec*; but quite the Reverse.

After

After a paltry Effort at Humour, Page 4
follow more Assertions equally false with
the above-mentioned, ' You discreetly left
' your Regiment, whose paltry Emolu-
' ments you had dearly purchased by your
' one Campaign, and prudently quitted a
' Scene, where Danger would probably be
' too busy. You sagaciously foresaw, that
' the *French* would endeavour to recover
' their Capital, and you were convinced,
' that the Place was not defensible. You
' had not entered, like a desperate Volun-
' teer, into the Service. You had been
' pressed into it. You had been nominated
' without your Knowledge or Consent.
' You were not therefore engaged by any
' Point of Honour or Gratitude to continue
' in it, whenever it became dangerous or
' disagreeable.
In the first Place, it cannot be deemed
an ill-natured Question to ask this Gentle-
man, what Regiment G l 7 d had
when he set out for *Canada*; and where he

left it: and if such Things were, if his Doing
 to proceeded from Cowardice, or a mean
 Sense of shrinking from Danger? It is to
 be hoped that no *English* Writer, however
 warped by Influence, can be so abandoned,
 so lost to all Shame, and at such Enmity
 with common Sense, as to answer in the
 Affirmative.

G—l T—a must have acted from
 quite other Motives, than the meer Soldier
 of Fortune, who wants to rise in the World,
 and make his Way by the Profession of
 Arms; which was not at all his Case. He
 could therefore have been actuated by no
 other Spirit, than that of patriotic Heroism. It
 was her glorious inspiring to his truly *British*
 Soul, that made him voluntarily (he not
 being then liable to any Command) fly from
 Pomp, Wealth, and domestic Happiness, to
 encounter Toils, Peril, and Death, under
 new Aspects, in a remote and barbarous
 World.

Does

Does such a Conduct indicate a Man,
 that would 'prudently quit a Scene where
 'Danger would probably be too busy?'
 O Shame on the foul-mouthed Slanderer.
 On his returning Home, he went with the
 greatest Alacrity with Admiral *Saunders*, to
 reinforce Admiral *Hawke* against the *French*
 Fleet then out at Sea. Was this acting like
 a Man who would 'prudently quit a Scene
 'where Danger would probably be too
 'busy?'

If *G. T—d* is blamable for any Thing,
 it is for having done too much; more than
 the Public by his then Situation, at going
 abroad, had a right to expect from him; and
 for which his Family might with just Rea-
 son rebuke him.

Page 5. The Sneer at the *Militia*, in
 whose Institution *G. T—d* had so princi-
 pal a Hand, betrays the fore Part of our
 Writer and his Patron, as well as the fol-
 lowing ironical Escape, 'Your perfect Ve-

neration

' *neration* for the Person of your royal
 ' Commander, *ex pede Herculem*—It is too
 generally known for to enter into any De-
 tail here, that a Pique, exasperated perhaps
 into an Animosity, had subsisted between a
 certain *British* Colonel, and a Personage of
 higher Rank, for having given himself too
 much the Airs of a *German* Prince: Airs (it
 is to be hoped) will never prevail in our
 free and virtuous Constitution; that as the
British Officer could expect no proper Satis-
 faction from an Offender so privileged, he
 in a spirited Obedience to the nice Dictates
 of his Honour, by throwing up his Em-
 ployment, declined any farther Subordina-
 tion to ill Usage.

But the huge Cause of his Dissatisfac-
 tion being since removed, did ever Man
 return to his merited Rank in a more gal-
 lant Manner? No certainly. Therefore all
 opposers to, and Revilers of such national
 Desert as his, (whether the Public confi-
 ders him as the chief Promoter of the long-
 wish'd-

with d-for Militia, or the glorious Reducer of *Quebec*) are to be treated with equal Contempt, though hitched in the Cell of a Prison, or a more elevated Lodge.

Page 6 contains very flimsy jargon, meaning nought. This dull Pamphlet-writer would be very comical, if he knew how.

Page 7. 'Some malignant Spirits, indeed, were offended at your not having
' paid one civil Compliment to the Memory
' of General *Wolfe*, or used even one kind
' Expression of Esteem or Affection with
' Regard to his Person. Surely, some
' People are never to be satisfied. Permit
' me, Sir, in your Name to ask them, whether
' your warmest Encomiums could have
' added to that universal good Opinion,
' which the Public had conceived of Mr.
' *Wolfe's* Abilities and Courage? Would
' they, unreasonable as they are, have had
' a Gentleman of your Birth and Breeding,
' imitate the foolish Generosity of Sir *William*.

‘ *William Johnson?* I have only to regret the
 ‘ *Loss of General Prideaux.* I endeavoured
 ‘ to pursue his Measures, the good Effects of
 ‘ which he deserved to enjoy.’ *

If Gen. T—d in his Letter to the Secretary of State ‘ did not pay civil Compliments to the Memory of General *Wolfe*,’ it was not for want of Esteem, but because of the Impropriety to write a Panegyric to a Minister, when nothing but the Situation and Exigence of Affairs were to be mentioned.—Every good Subject has the highest Sense of Sir *William Johnson*’s Merit, and are pleased with the honest Declaration in his Letter.

But where has this Pamphleteer been to find himself under a Necessity of quoting this Letter? he must not have been in *England* surely; or must not have read the public Papers, in which, a little Time after the News of the taking *Quebec*, appeared the annexed funeral Eulogium, (a nobler or a
 more

* Sir *William Johnson*’s Letter to Major General *Amherst*.

more generous has never been penned)
taken from a Letter written by G——
T——d, to a Friend in *London*.

“ I am not ashamed to own to you,
“ that my Heart does not exult in the
“ Midst of this Success. I have lost but a
“ Friend in General *Wolfe*. Our Country
“ has lost a sure Support, and a perpetual
“ Honour. If the World were sensible at
“ how dear a Price we have purchased
“ *Quebec* in his Death, it would damp the
“ public Joy. Our best Consolation is,
“ that Providence seemed not to promise
“ that he should remain long among us.
“ He was himself sensible of the Weakness
“ of his Constitution, and determined to
“ crowd into a few Years, Actions that
“ would have adorned Length of Life!”

Page 8: Lord *Granby* and General
Mosby are lugged in here in a most unac-
countable Manner, and no way apposite to
the Point in Debate. Then comes the old

D

false

false Charge of G——l T——d's having protested in Form against General Wolfe's last desperate Attempt, and at his being out of the Reach of Danger. As to the former Article about the Protest, let it be observed once for all, that General Officers have a Right to protest, without exposing themselves to any Imputation of Censure or Blame, so they do not refuse to obey, and act in consequence.

Mr Pherson, the brave old Veteran *Highlander's* Answer to, 'How did G——l T——d behave in the Battle?' was, 'Like one who had not such splendid Possessions to return to!' Are there of all the *French Nobility*, who pant after nothing so much as Fame in Arms, any of G——l T——d's Rank, who either have, or would voluntarily expose themselves to such a Voyage and such Danger? No. He chose *America*, as the most perilous Scene of Action, and by that Door to return to his former State. Going out, he went but on the

Terms

Terms of serving only the Campaign against *Quebec*. From that Time he had pre-resolved to return Home to his Family and Friends, the Expedition over ; which was their earnest and joint Request. If *France* can boast no G——l T——d militating in her *American* World, Ignominy be to all degenerate *Britons*, who would basely attempt to depreciate his Worth.

The Pamphleteer having straggled from General *Wolfe*, T——d, &c. to Lord *Granby* and *Mosby* ; Page 9, he with equal Method and Consistence makes a violent Leap from *North America* to *Minden* ; and there is the too much abused, and too much injured, Lord *George Sackville's* Character mangled anew.

However foreign to the Affair of *Quebet* be that of *Minden*, yet since this Rambler in Abuse hath hawled it in by the Head and Shoulders ; for Answer to his strange Vagaries, let him read here the Opinion of

the Dispassionate and Unbiased concerning that Action, delivered with such ingenuous Freedom as an *English* Subject is entitled to, may be provoked to now, when it flagrantly appears that an encroaching Spirit of *Germanism* means to blast every Branch of the *British* Laurel.

Having Truth full in View, and keeping within the strictest Bounds of Decency, should any Person or Persons take groundless Offence at us, no Matter. Before we enter upon so delicate an Enquiry, it will not be amiss to take a retrospective View of the Situation in Life, and of the Characters of the two Personages so much talked of, relative to that Day's Achievement, viz. Prince Ferdinand, and Lord George Sackville. The following Paragraph taken from a Pamphlet published some Time ago, may serve as a very proper Preface to, and a Guide in our proposed Discussion.

It is a ticklish and irksome Situation;
 (therefore to be avoided) for the Command-
 ing Officer of Troops belonging to a
 greater Power to be put under Obedience
 to the General of a lesser, or a poorer Po-
 tentate; for, from the Nature of human
 Feeling it follows, they seldom, or rather
 never agree. Because the Former thinks
 himself degraded to a State, that reflects
 a Disgrace on the Majesty of the more
 respectable Power he acts for. Where-
 fore he is liable to look down on the
 other; who, on his Side, goaded with
 Resentment, will industriously contrive a
 thousand Stratagems to make the Object
 of his Pique tired of the Commission he
 bears, or to commit some *faux pas* of
 which he will, with an unnecessary, nay,
 wanton Precipitation, take Care to diffuse
 a Knowledge from the highest to the
 lowest throughout the Army, in order
 entirely to depreciate him in the Minds of
 Friends and Foes, and thereby get rid of
 a disagreeable Yoke-mate.

Lord *George Sackville* had, from his Birth, Rank, and the Places he occupied, Reason to look upon himself, as one of the most rising young Noblemen in these Kingdoms ; and as one who bid very fair to be in Time at the Head of the *British* Army. These were Motives in a *British* Bosom to bear but with Irksomeness the being under the Command of a foreign Officer, in whom, upon Enquiry, he could find no Superiority of Talents to entitle him to such a Pre-eminence.

Ferdinand, the Son, Grandson, and Brother of a petty Sovereign in *Germany*, has the Title of Prince ; for *German* Princes there are without End : Because if the Father be a Prince, all the Sons are called Princes, which accounts for the great Number of them ; and through that Number for their conspicuous Poverty. So that they are for the most Part necessitated to mercenarily embrace the Profession of Arms, under the several Potentates of Europe.

It

It has often been a Question started in public Meetings; if Prince *Ferdinand*, who is neither a born nor a naturalized Subject of *England*, and yet is at the Head of an Army, consisting partly (and those the Victory-getters) of *British* Troops, and the whole paid by *English* Treasure, were to commit any Misdemeanor, or worse, in his Post, to what Power is he amenable? Might he not with Impunity take Horse, and riding off, say with a Sneer to us, *Adieu Panniers, Vendanges sont faites.*

Prince *Ferdinand* being one of those professedly militant, and not over-wealthy Princes, saw a fairer Occasion, by being at the Head of the Allied Army, of making a Fortune, than he ever, in all Probability, should meet with in his Life. For effectuating his flattering and golden Prospects, his first Wish was, that he might find in the Commander of the Pay-all, the monied People of *England's* Forces, a docile, pliant Fool, whom he might make to believe
what

whatever he should please, and mould him to all his Views.

But it unluckily fell out, that in Lord George Sackville, the Son of an English Prince, since so much Stress is laid by some on that Word, (for every Duke of this Realm is stiled *haut et puissant Prince*) he found an Englishman actuated with that truly constitutional Spirit of Independence, that scorned to pay servile Court to foreign Hirelings.

He was found to be a Man that could not be imposed upon in any Article. From an early Dislike to the Plan of *Ferdinand's* Operations, the latter conceived a Disgust for him; which was heightened by Lord George's protesting against the rash and imprudent Attack made by *Ferdinand* at *Bergen*, where *Brogho* repulsed him, having made a terrible Slaughter among the Allies. That Affair has never been fairly communicated to the Public; tho' we frequently

requently see very trifling Incidents so minutely, and so pompously blazoned out.

The Superiority of Genius, Talents, Education, and Knowledge with which Lord George is so uncommonly endowed, made the German Leader shrink into a Diffidence of himself, and to avoid as often as he could their being together.

Lord George was no Loser; and supported with Dignity the Rank of an *English* Commander. He paid to all Officers under him, as well as those of other Powers; that Politeness which was peculiarly due to them.

Wherever Lord George could be omitted upon any Pretext from assisting at the military Councils, he was—: the Designs, if any, *Ferdinand* might possibly have conceived against the *French*, were mostly kept a Secret from him; or let out so sparingly, that no-

E

thing

thing very rational or conclusive could be deduced from them.

Ferdinand finding too severe a Scrutinist (in Lord George) of all his Actions, judged it high Time to think of ridding himself of 'o untoward a Coadjutor. The most efficacious Method pitched on within the secret Council of his Bosom, was, that in the first Action he should so manage in sending Orders to Lord George, as to puzzle him in the Execution of his Duty, and make him give into the Trap he should have laid for him.

Without any farther Prelude, let us come to the first that happened, which was, on the famous first Day of *August*, 1759. This Matter has been so much canvassed, already *pro* and *con*, that it shall be skimmed over here in as cursory a Manner as possible.

It is thought if *Broglie* had proceeded without halting, he would, notwithstanding the Intelligence given to *Wangenheim's* Corps by the *French* Deserters, have been down time enough to render all Resistance on the Part of the Allies in vain.

That the Army of the Allies was surprized, is notorious. *Kingsley's* and *Waldegrave's* Prudence, and the Bravery of a few *British* Troops, obtained a Victory amazing in its Circumstances. However, in the midst of the general Confusion, the Political *German* was not unmindful of his premeditated Scheme to perplex Lord *George*: for which End, two Expresses were sent almost at the same Instant; the one for him to march down with the Cavalry under his Command, to which Obedience was paid with all due Dispatch: the second Command (the intended Puzzler) was to bring the *British* Cavalry only.

An order to ungeneral-like, and to unaccountable, caused Lord George to stop, (he might have room to suspect the other's Intention of playing him a foul Trick) in order to get as explicit an Explanation as possible from the Gentlemen who brought the Orders. Each being certain of that which he had delivered, induced his Lordship to go the Prince, (who it is to be supposed was not slunk out of the Way of Danger) to have the Matter set right; *Ferdinand* was quite hurt at sight of him; seeing the Plan to ruin *Sackville* with his Country had in Part miscarried.

Had Lord George precipitately rushed on with the *British Cavalry* only, and a Slaughter of them ensued, which might have been very probably the Case—what would have been *Ferdinand's* triumphant Outcry then? Why this—'How in the Name of Wonder, my Lord, could you break the Line of Cavalry, and come down with the *British* only?' How shall

we

we answer to his *Britannic Majesty*, for the
the Loss of so many brave Men, and this
partial Havock made only among his
British Subjects?

Lord George's plain Answer to such a
Charge would have been—'I have acted
'agreeable to the last Order I received from
'you.'—'The last Order from me! let then
'the two *Aides du Camp* be called—would
reply *Ferdinand*. It was so contrived, or so
fell out, that the *Aides du Camp* could not
settle among themselves who came first or
last from the Prince.

Each *Aid du Camp* abiding by the dif-
fering Order which he had delivered—
Ferdinand would not fail to exclaim, 'Good
'God, considering the Surprize we were
'all thrown into, your own Judgment
'should have directed you, and told you
'it was impossible I could give any such
'absurd Order;—and indeed, to this Hour,
no Shadow of Reason can be given for it;
nor

nor why, when the whole Cavalry was come down Time enough to annoy and harass the retreating Enemy, instead of Orders for pursuing, they were bid to dismount.

At the Interview with the Prince, after the Victory obtained, *Ferdinand* neither expressed nor marked any Signs of Dissatisfaction or Resentment to Lord George, but rather seemingly the reverse. He took some Time to brood over a Scheme, then newly thought on, for Lord George's Ruin; and which should be derived from the Effect that had been caused by his own differing Orders: which was soon after executed in an unprecedented military Manner among real Heroes. Sure such a strange Letter of Thanks had never been given by a General before. It had all the Air of a Monkish Litany of Saints.

It is surprising how niggardly, on all Occasions, Praise is given to the *Hanoverians*; and absolutely innocent of the Victory; in which, however, Lord George had some Share.

It was farcical, about a Fortnight after the first Legend of Thanks, to see published in the News-Papers, by way of Council to the discerning *Ferdinand's Will*, a Letter to Captain *McBeane*, making a Kind of Reparation for having omitted his Merit; which it was impossible his Principship should know, but by the Information of his Emisaries, *ex post facto*: so entirely ignorant was he of all Transactions during the Battle, and absolutely innocent of the Victory; in which, however, Lord George had some Share,

Share, in as much as a Battery of his Contrivance greatly annoyed the Enemy.

It is observable, that an *English* Officer could not be guilty of the least Appearance of an Error, to which he was ensnared, but it must be blazoned in the most glaring Colours; yet those Men (because *Hanoverians*, &c.) through whose Neglect or Drunkenness, our whole Army, Natives and Mercenaries, were in Danger of being cut off, are never mentioned; to wit, they who neglected sending timely Notice to Prince *Ferdinand*; of the Intelligence communicated to them by the *French* Deserters, detached perhaps by *Broglie*, in order to defeat *Contades's* Measures, whom he wanted to supplant, and has effectually done it.

In a *French* Letter handed about here, as from Prince *Ferdinand*, were Words to this Purpose, *Je ne fais par quelle fatalité l'intelligence qui fut donnée à onze heures du soir par des deserteurs au Corps de Wangenheim ne me fut*

*fut apporté e que sur les deux Heures du ma-
tin.* I do not know by what fatality the
 ' Intelligence given to the Corps of Wag-
 ' genheim at Eleven at Night, was not
 ' brought to me till between One and Two
 ' in the Morning;—then the Enemy was
 in full march.

Had this Intelligence been forwarded as
 soon as it ought, there would have been Time
 enough to have taken all necessary Mea-
 sures, and probably no Fault would have
 been committed. Why has Lord George's
 Error been so strictly scrutinized, and no
 Information given of those (whether a
Waggenheim, or an *Anhalt Dessau*, or others)
 who were the Neglecters of the Intelligence?
 But the *English*, it seems, are to have all
 the Honour and Blame of this War, and
 perhaps with equal Propriety.

Upon the implied Censure, Lord George
 returned to *England*; and what happened
 after, most People know. Those who do
 not,

not, and are curious of knowing, we refer to his Trial. Dissenting with all Humility from wiser Heads, it appears to us that nothing more can be thence inferred, but that Lord George (ready to execute the first Command) was retarded from leading the Cavalry down to the Field of Battle, as soon as he might, by a second (and if not strictly contradictory, at least a differing) Order.

Some Insinuations to evidence against Lord George's Courage, would have borne hard upon the great Prince *Turenne*, as good and as brave an Officer as Prince *Ferdinand*; who, it is said, always changed Colour, and was in a kind of Tremor at the Beginning of an Action.--- We also beg Leave not to believe the Man who declares he goes to Battle as chearful as to a Ball.---It is very presumptive to pretend, from the Haviour of any Man's Countenance, to assert his inward Feeling; unless he were a most extraordinary Physiognomist.

Prognomist. For instance, one Man's Anger produces a Paleness of Visage; another's a Redness, with Agitations, Tremors, &c. *ad infinitum*.

Captain M^cBeane's Evidence in behalf of Lord George's Conduct is not to be doubted, no more than that of other Gentlemen, notwithstanding the indirect Means made use of to stagger and intimidate them.

Another Paragraph in the abovementioned Letter, betrays the Iniquity of the whole. In order to give some kind of a plausible Plea for the Order of bringing down the *British* Cavalry alone, therein were couched these remarkable Words, *Afin que la Cavalerie Anglaise accourut au plutot*, as near as we can remember;—whereby was insinuated, that the Meaning of the Order for the *British* Cavalry was on ac-

count of their Swiftness, and that in consequence they might come up the sooner.

When it was observed to certain Gentlemen reading the said Letter with an Air of Triumph in Coffee-Houses, that the above Article was a gross Mistake; and that the Writer of it must have had our *English* Hunters in view, and not our Cavalry, which were famous for their Weight, &c.

Some Time after a Translation of this long-winded and laboured Letter was published in the News Papers; but what was in the original *French* about our Cavalry, entirely omitted.—We appeal to all who have read the Original and Translation; and ask if upon the Whole this favours of a fair Proceeding.

Lord George's Fate is too recent, and many People, at first prejudiced against him, begin to change their Opinion.—Was ever a General so fortunate as *Ferdinand*? For
 II having

having been surprized into a Victory, for which he was surprized at himself; he received the farther additional Surprize of a considerable Sum of Money, with a Badge of the first Honour! besides his prior Pension on the *Irish* Establishment.

Now Lord *George* being in a worse Plight (thro' the Precipitancy of our over-hasty Populace) than the wanton *Machia-velism* of his Antagonist could have at first expected; let us take a short View of *Ferdinand's* Behaviour in consequence.

He is now at his Mind's Liking; Elbow free; disencumbered from any enquiring, troublesome Yoke-Mate. — Snug is the Word. — How happy are they all together, the Commander and Commanded! The Prince gives astonishing Proofs of his Penetration; he discovers in * * * * * the greatest Talents he ever met with in an Englishman, for making a consummate General; which, with his Instructions, he was sure to effectuate.

calves

It

It is a Pity that the Open, the Honest, the Good-natured, the Generous, and the Personally Brave, should be so grossly played upon, by a High-German Doctor in Generalship; accidentally raised, not so much by Dint of intrinsic Merit, as by the Infatuation, Mismanagement, and perhaps Perfidy of some of the Commanders he has been employed against.

It is pleasant to see this Dealer-out of Military Fame, like a Sun from the Midst of his System, beam out Proportions of Glory to all the Officers who concur in his Measures.---No doubt, when he and his Countrymen are privately assembled, they say to each other, *Les Anglais sont bons, il n'y a qu'à flatter leur orgueil, vous en pouvez faire ce que vous voulez, et en tirer jusqu'au dernier guine* : "The English are a good Sort of People; do but flatter their Pride, you may do what you will with them, and draw their last Guinea."

To

To a certain Degree this Opinion of us is perhaps too true ; but when carried too far, we are apt to spurn at the gross Imposition. An universal Proof of this appeared in all public Places, at hearing the tedious and nauseating Legend of Thanks particularized to the *British* Troops after the Battle of *W--b--b* ; from which Time Prince *Ferdinand* is super-honoured with the Title of *the Thanksgiving Prince*.

In Imitation of his Uncle's Manner of Proceeding, how quaint was the Hereditary Prince's Thanks to the *English* after the Surprize at *E-f--th* ! It is an easy Truck, to pay off with Thanks for Treasures and Blood.---*B-----th* has greatly improved the *thankful* System !

How wonderful is this same Hereditary Prince ? What pompous Accounts are related of his more than *Alexandrian* Intrepidity.---In one Place he runs away with the Frenchmen's Spits and Roast-meat ; at another he knocks down their Pots of Soup-
Maigre ;

Maigre ; at a third he carries off their Ovens ; and he hardly thinks any other Troops worthy of sharing with him in those brilliant Expeditions, but his Favourites the *English* ; for whom he selects every Danger, that they may give new Proofs of their unexampled Courage. What hair-breadth Scapes has he been in ! Nay, thrice in Danger of being shot dead ! dead ! but that at each Time a polite French Officer in coming near, intuitively discovered him to be a Prince ; upon which he generously fired his Pistol in the Air, and marched another Way. Sure that was a gallant Deed. One Day he is wounded, and the next he gets a Victory.

A Reader would naturally incline to think that such a Series of high-strained parading Accounts were calculated for recommending him to, and obtaining the Favour of some mighty Potentate's Daughter, and with her Dowry to enrich, and raise his petty Sovereignty. If so ; we have no Objection

to

to his succeeding; for as *Dryden* says 'None
' but the Brave deserve the Fair.'

So much by way of Digression, relative
to the Affairs of *Germany*, and setting the
present Spirit of the Proceedings there in
a clear Light, and which sufficiently refutes
all the Letter-writer's crude and indigested
Assertions. What greater Proof of Unfair-
ness, nay of Nonsense, can there be than
his Questions? Page 10. 'Why did he
' (*Lord George*) not put himself at the
' Head of the *British* Infantry at *Minden*?'
for two Reasons; 1st. It was not his Place:
2d. In the Morning of the first of *August*,
the Day of the Attack, the Infantry did not
know where was the Cavalry; nor the Ca-
valry where was the Infantry; nor did the
great Commander in Chief know either
what the latter was doing, or where the
former was.

In the same Page he says, 'Let him (*Lord
George*) account, if possible, for *Lord Gran-*

by's making the Cavalry march almost five Miles in less Time than his Lordship took to deliberate, whether he should march at all: the obvious Reply is, ' because he had received no varying Orders to retard him in his March.—What follows is wild random Stuff, and flows from a Head that knows nothing of Cavalry Service.—Suppose, (which was not at all impossible) according to *Contade's* Plan, (no Order of Battle or Preparation having been made on our Side) the *French* Horse had cut their Way through our Infantry; was not Lord *George's* Method of leading on the *English* Cavalry in a Line, and unblown, the properest? Certainly. We are never to judge from Events, but from the invariable Propriety of Things.

The Letter Writer is very curious, Page 12; ' When I read Lord *Granby's* Account of this Engagement; when I see the *British* Infantry fainting under the Heat of the Weather; over-straining themselves

to get on, through morassy and difficult
 Ground, and suddenly dropping down on their
 March; when I see his Lordship, in his
 Impatience to enter into Action, putting
 himself at the Head of the Cavalry, and
 advancing towards the Enemy at a full
 Trot, though the Distance was near five
 Miles, I am almost tempted to wish for
 some other General, a T——d, or a
 S——lle, who would certainly repress
 this Ardour in our Soldiers; this Passion,
 this Madness of fighting:—And what
 sensible Man would blame a T——d, or a
 S——lle, for opposing such Extremity of
 Service being specially imposed upon Eng-
 lishmen? What was obtained by this mighty
 No-victory of the British Infantry, 'fair'ing
 under the Heat of the Weather, over-
 straining themselves to get on, through
 morassy and difficult Ground, and suddenly
 dropping down on their March. Strange
 forcing of Service this! What was obtained
 thereby? Why truly the French gave Fer-
 dinand the Go-by, and made themselves

Masters of *Cassel*, which he ought to have prevented; but he is not, it seems, more infallible than others.

There is but one Article in this Letter, in which we agree with the Writer, and that is, the personal Bravery of Lord *Granby*. It is however astonishing, that relative to Lord *George Sackville*, (so misinformed, or so wickedly false is he) that in every Article he swerves from the Truth. Page 23, he says of him, 'He was not born indeed, but he was educated from his earliest Infancy in the House of Royalty;' the Writer to shew his Learning, gives it after in *Latin*, *prima ab Infantia educatus in domo Regnatrice*; now both in *English* and *Latin* this is an Untruth. Lord *George* was carried over to *Ireland* a Youth, to be entered at the University of *Dublin*, having previously gone through his School Learning in *England*, his native Country. His Father, the Duke of *Dorset*, then Vice-Roy, by so doing meant to pay a Compliment to that

Univ^r of

University, and it was most gratefully looked upon as such by all its Members. What a Trumpery of Words this Author pours out as Attendants on this false Assertion!

We now bid adieu to Lord George, the episodic Hero of this jumbled farraginous Letter, in order to return to the primary one, G——l T——d.—He (like Lord George) is abused for a partial Friendship for the *Scots*, and the *Scots* alternately for the same Reason, without any Fact being brought in Proof to support the Allegation.—All National Reflections deserve Contempt and Chastisement, and ought not to be suffered any where. The *Scots* have long rendered themselves conspicuous at the Bar, in the Army, and all Branches of Literature; they are a respectable People, and not to be fleeced at by every puny Whipster, who dare not openly avow their Insolence.

In Answer to the Charge in Page 18.—
We

We say, that the Highlanders had done great Service before *Quebec* that Day, as well as they had at the Taking of *Cape Breton*. But where (supposing it probable) was the Necessity of the forty-seventh Regiment's entering the Town of *Quebec*, with the flying Enemy? It could but be productive of a still great Effusion of Blood, without which Act of Wantonness the great Point aimed at has been obtained, to wit, the Surrender of the Place, and consequently a Number of Lives hath been saved.— True Generalship displays itself more in prudently saving, than in idly lavishing the Blood of Thousands.

Quibbling upon Terms deserves no Reply; and what the Letter-writer hints at Page 20. deserves only a Shrug of Compassion and a Smile :--- ‘ As you appear, Sir, to have made the Hero of *Minden* your Model of all military Virtue, I would encourage you to emulate his great Example, by marking a Sort of natural Resemblance of

Character

‘ Character between you. A Resemblance
 ‘ far stronger, than any in your own Collec-
 ‘ tion of Portraits, tho’ his Royal Highness
 ‘ himself, your great *Chef d’œuvre*, be there.
 Is it then hurt, poor Thing? Is this the sore
 Place? O the Pity of it! what then it
 seems it is not *Caricatura*-Proof; and yet
 were this very Letter-writer to see the prin-
 cipal Piece he alludes to, he must, in the
 fashionable cant Phrase, allow it to be *im-*
mensely pretty.

His Gizzard swells monstrously in Page
 22. ‘ And are not you, Sir, this Moment
 ‘ abusing your Interest with that Minister,
 ‘ by leaving, and being so many Months
 ‘ absent from your Command at *Quebec*?
 ‘ If you think, you have deserved, or gain-
 ‘ ed any Honour there, do you imagine your
 ‘ walking at the Head of your Militia will
 ‘ maintain it? Are you not paid for the
 ‘ Command of a Regiment in *America*; and
 ‘ is not some Officer now doing, at the Risk
 ‘ of his Life, that Duty, for which you are
 ‘ paid?

' paid ? Is not yours the single Instance of
 ' this Kind of Desertion in the Service ?'
 1st. How is he abusing his Interest with the
 Minister ? 2^d. He has gloriously compleat-
 ed his military Mission to *Quebec*. 3^d. His
 Friends, his Family, his Country the *Br-*
tish Constitution, sighed, wished for, nay de-
 manded his Return, in order to see him at
 the Head of a National Militia, of which
 he was the great Promoter. What a glo-
 rious Example is it to see the Reducer of
Quebec march at the Head of a Regiment
 of Militia ! 4th. For what End, and at
 what Time was he named to the Command
 of a Regiment in *America* ? has he been
 with it since his Nomination ? how then
 can he be said to have quitted it ? Is not
 his active Spirit relative to the Militia, disa-
 greeable to a certain Quarter ? for which
 Reason their first Plan was to remove so
 dangerous an Example, as their next,
 through this Letter, is to depreciate him in
 the Minds of the People, and perhaps of
 his Constituents, against the next general
 Election

Election now at Hand.—The Officer who acts in his stead, would not be much less exposed to Danger, were G—l T—d with him in *America*.

Thus runs the last Paragraph of this modest Letter Writer : ‘ Yet, Sir, to make even half the Progress your Ambition aims at in the Army, be assured, there must be Courage; there must be Eagerness to serve; there must be real Service to form a military Character. Your Friend, Lord G——e, had all other Requisites to insure his Success. The Conclusion, I own, is disagreeable, but it is unavoidable, Either go to *Quebec*, or resign your Commission. Why did I say, *unavoidable*, when I believe you will do neither? I mean, it is the only Answer you can give to this Letter, which will vex, not shame you, though it sets your military Character in its true Light, and draws your Picture in every Respect a proper *Pendant* to that of Lord G——e. Ask his Lordship,

H

‘ why

‘ why did not the Cavalry engage at *Min-*
 ‘ *den*. He cannot answer, but he does not
 ‘ blush. I ask you, why you are not at
 ‘ your Post ; or why you receive the Pay
 ‘ of two Regiments for nothing ; I know
 ‘ you cannot answer, and I believe too
 ‘ you will not blush.’ 1st. G—I T—d
 never doubted that there must be Courage.
 2d. His Eagerness to serve is evinced by his
 voluntarily going to *America*. 3d. The real
 Services done before, and at the Reduction
 of *Quebec*, insure his military Character. In
 Contradiction to the Letter-man, his Coun-
 try bids him not ‘ go to *Quebec* ;’ but, if it
 were to be insisted on, rather to resign his
 Commission,---which we are certain he is
 very indifferent about, well knowing for
 what End it was given. He can render his
 Fellow-subjects much more essential Service
 by staying at home, and seeing the Militia
 put upon a respectable Footing.

With what a tremendous Question the
 Letter is closed ? ‘ Why do you receive the
 Pay

Pay of two Regiments for *nothing*? The Taking of *Quebec* deserves a great deal more.-----General *Blakeney* was made a Knight of the Bath, and a Peer, with a Pension of one thousand Pounds per Ann. for giving up *Minorca*. Prince *Ferdinand* has had two thousand five hundred per Ann. on the Irish Establishment; a richly ornamented Sword of great Value, besides a Gratification of twenty thousand Pounds sterling, and the Knighthood of the Garter. I should be glad to learn for *what*; perhaps very near *nothing*, good Letter-wright: but to use your own Words, ' I know you cannot answer, and I believe *too* you will ' not blush,----What was G-----I T-----'s Reception at his Arrival?---what Promotion, what Honour has he received?

P. S. Since there is a Postscript to the Letter, it is tallying Matters, to add one to this Refutation. In that of the former, there is nothing but G-----I T-----'s Advertisement (when printed) necessary to discountenance an impudent Report published in our News-Papers, and applicable to none but him, and which would have highly reflected upon General *Murray*'s Character, had *Quebec* been re-taken by the *French*; which in all probability it must,
if

if our Fleet with Succours were not so happy as to get thither betimes; for the Panic their Appearance threw the *French* into, made them retreat with the utmost Precipitation.

N. B. The Specimen of Poetry given on this Occasion by the Letter-Writer, who is still more unfortunate in his Verse than his Prose, will very likely draw on him the Application of the Bellmen of the several Parishes to write their Christmas Verses; and for which the Mediocrity of his Talents seem much better qualified, than for writing on military Affairs.

* * As we just hear the Guns fired for the Taking of *Montreal*, it is to be hoped the Commander will, on his Return, meet with better Treatment than the Reducer of *Quebec*; and that *Englismen*, for real national Service, may be as highly recompensed as *Germans*, for parading, foreign, and oppressively expensive Atchievements: which in the End, it is to be feared, will frustrate and defeat the great Exertions of our national Vigour, as the present Drift of the *French* is not to fight, but to tire and exhaust us with a protracted and consuming War.

Pall-Mall, Oct. 5.

